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ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS TO  
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LYNCHBURG, November 1st, 1893.  
Trains arrive and depart from Union Station,  
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## TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI.

Daily.  
Lv. Lynchburg..... 8:30 P. M.  
Ar. Lexington, Va..... 8:45 " "  
Ar. Buchanan..... 9:14 " "  
Ar. Clifton Forge..... 9:45 " "  
Ar. Cincinnati..... 11:55 A. M.  
Ar. Louisville..... 11:57 " "  
Ar. Chicago..... 4:56 P. M.  
Ar. St. Louis..... 7:15 " "  
Ar. Kansas City..... 7:30 A. M.  
The Vestibule Express, Solid Vestibule, Electric  
Lighted through Clifton Forge to Chicago.

## TRAINS FOR RICHMOND, VA.

Daily.  
Lv. Lynchburg..... 12:30 P. M.  
Ar. Richmond..... 6:10 P. M.  
For further information as to rates, routes,  
tickets, etc., address,  
R. H. PANNILL,  
Ticket and Passenger Agent, 514 Main street  
Lynchburg, Va.  
J. N. D. POTTS,  
Division Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va.

**N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.**

## SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 3, 1893

**WESTPORT, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.**  
8:00 A. M. (Washington and Chattanooga limited)  
for Bristol and beyond. Stops only at Christ-  
iansburg and Radford, also at principal  
stations west of Radford. Pullman sleepers  
to New Orleans and Memphis. Dining car  
attached.  
8:10 A. M. for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas,  
Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louis-  
ville via Norton.  
4:35 P. M. **THE CHICAGO EXPRESS** to  
Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Columbus  
and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Norfolk  
to Chicago without change.  
**NORFOLK AND HARTFORD, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.**  
9:45 A. M. for Petersburg, Richmond and  
Norfolk.  
9:45 A. M. for Washington, Hagerstown, Phila-  
delphia and New York.  
1:35 A. M. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman  
sleeper Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg  
to Richmond.  
12:45 A. M. (Washington and Chattanooga limited)  
for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadel-  
phia and New York. Pullman sleepers to  
Washington via Shenandoah Junction and  
New York via Harrisburg. Stops only at  
principal stations.  
Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union  
station) daily 7:10 A. M. for South Boston and  
Durham and intermediate stations.  
Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union  
station) daily 9:55 A. M. for Rocky Mount,  
Martinsville, Winston-Salem and interme-  
diate stations.  
For all additional information apply at ticket  
office or to  
W. B. BEVILL,  
General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Sole Agent, Sold by  
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## IN THE VALLEY.

To-day, when the sun was lighting my house on  
the pine-clad hill.  
The breast of a bird was ruffled as it perched on  
my window sill,  
And a leaf was chased by the kitten on the  
breeze-swept garden walk,  
And the dainty head  
Of a dahlia red  
Was stirred on its slender stalk.  
Oh, happy the bird at the rose-tree, unheeding  
the threatening storm!  
And happy the blithe leaf-chaser, rejoicing in  
sunshine warm!  
They take no thought for the morrow—they  
know no cares to-day;  
And the thousand things  
That the future brings  
Are a blank to such as they.  
But I, by the household ingle, can interpret the  
looming clouds,  
For the wind "goe-hoos" through the keyhole,  
And a shadow the house enshrouds;  
And I know I must quit my mountain, and go  
down to the vale below,  
For my house is chill  
On the windy hill,  
When the autumn tempests blow.  
My mind is for ever drawing an instructive  
parallel  
"Twixt temporal things that perish and eternal  
things that dwell—  
When billows and waves surround me, and wa-  
ters my soul o'erflow.  
I descend in hope  
From the mountain top  
To the sheltering vale below.  
I go down to the valley of silence, where the  
worldly are never met;  
I know there is "balm and healing" there for  
eyes that with tears are wet;  
And I find, in its sweet seclusion, gentle solace  
for all my care.  
For that valley pure,  
With its shelter sure,  
Is the beautiful vale of prayer.  
—Nannie Power-O'Donoghue, in Chamber's  
Journal.

## THE STORY OF A TABLEAU

FROM THE GERMAN.  
TRANSLATED BY EMILY S. HOWARD

(Copyright, 1893, by  
the Author.)



IN a beautiful summer day not long ago, two handsome women sat on the terrace of one of the many charming hunting-castles with which the mountains of Styria abound.

"Bear in mind, Dora, that Prince Benatschew is a very dangerous man." Countess Dorothea blushed crimson.

"Why do you call him dangerous?" "Is not your husband a little jealous of his pretty wife?"

"Ah, if he only were! But he de- votes night and day to the study of po- litical and economic subjects, and has no time for me."

"Do you mean to say that he neglects you?" "Not exactly; but he has so many things to take up his thoughts that he would not have time to be jealous. In- fidelity on my part would arouse his anger, but it would not try his heart. He is a cold and austere man, Emmy— a great and noble man, if you will—but like a block of ice."

"While Prince Benatschew is a ver- itable volcano."

Dora does not reply, for the subject of their conversation appears on the terrace where the two ladies are chat- ting.

"I hope that I am not disturbing an exchange of confidences, ladies?"

"We were speaking of you, prince," answered Emmy. "It was said that you are a man of a volcanic disposition."

"You must be flattering me." Countess Dorothea has indignantly risen. "I have said nothing of the sort, for I know nothing of Prince Benatschew's character. Pray, let us return to the drawing-room; I hear Mr. Green- low play the prelude to his—"

"I entreat you, countess, stay. It is the 'Moonlight Serenade,' and I am sure we can enjoy it to better advan- tage here, with the real moon shining down upon us. What a lovely summer night! Look down yonder, countess, and watch the effect here, from where I am standing! Do you see the moon reflected in the lake, and the fountain transformed into a sparkling pillar of silver?"

Reluctantly Countess Dorothea fol- lows the prince. This man exerts a

strange power over her. Emmy is right; he is a dangerous man.

"Where are you, Emmy?" cries she, as she turns to where her friend had been sitting. "Come and watch the moon- light."

But Emmy has disappeared through the door which leads from the veranda into the brilliantly lighted drawing- room, and the two are left alone. A timid yet pleasurable feeling of awe takes possession of Dorothea's soul.

During the past days she has consen- tiously avoided the tempter. To- night she remains spellbound, held cap- tive by a power which is greater than her resistance. Will he again speak of love to her?

"It is indeed a delightful scene," she says, with quivering voice. "A deligh- tful scene," she repeats, in confusion; "but let us go in."

Yet her feet seemed rooted to the spot. She has lost all control over her-

self. The man of the world interpret these symptoms correctly, and begin to do what she has feared—or hoped she does not know which—whisper: "passionate avowal of love into her ear."

To him her silence means a yielding to his entreaties. "You have made me supremely happy," he murmurs softly, and steps aside to meet several persons who are at this moment approaching from the drawing-room. Among them is Count Tolstegg, Dorothea's husband.

Early in the morning of the follow- ing day, Count Tolstegg informs his wife that he is called to the city on im- portant business and must leave by the last train that evening.

"And the tableau in which you are expected to take part?"

"As the train does not leave until nine, I will have ample time to figure in that, since I was foolish enough to consent to such childish play. Our hostess insists that no one but myself can represent the character for which she has chosen me, and it would be un- kind to spoil her pleasure."

"Then we will leave before the ball commences?"

"We? There is no reason why you should not remain. I will come for you in a few days."

"Command me to go with you, Otho—I beg of you!"

But Count Tolstegg shrugs his shoul- ders with a smile, and makes no reply.

The guests are assembled in the pret- ty little amateur theater, and the play- ers have gathered behind the scenes on the stage. In the first row sits Doro- thea, and beside her Benatschew. He has been her escort during dinner, and has filled unnoticed her glass with champagne as often as possible. Dora's cheeks are flushed, and a feverish light burns in her black eyes. Her excite- ment, however, is not caused by the wine, but by the inward struggle of the past few days.

"I will not!" cries conscience. "I will—I must!" answers another voice in her breast, as if under the ban of some strange hypnotic power. Her husband's departure! Has everything conspired in Benatschew's favor? Oh, if Tolstegg had but spoken one word—one word of comfort and kindness—when she entreated him to take her back with him. She would have gathered strength from it to resist the pas- sionate yearning that drives her into the tempter's arms. There is but one way out of the difficulty. She must confess to her husband the danger with which she is beset. Several times dur- ing that day she has been on the eve of doing this, but when she lifted her eyes to her husband's cold, indifferent countenance, she relapsed into silence. And now, now he is going from her—to leave her unguarded to the other's wiles. "I am lost! I am lost!" moans the unfortunate woman.

Three of the tableaux, copied from famous works of art, have already been presented. The next on the programme is the one in which Count Tolstegg is to figure. A side-door which leads to

the stage is suddenly thrown open, and some one enters and advances toward Countess Dorothea, beckoning her to follow. One of the performers has been taken ill, and Dora is the only one who can successfully take her place. Would she consent? The tableau is already arranged; there is no time to be lost.

Dorothea gives her consent. Her dress is soon arranged to suit the char- acter which she is to represent. They endeavor to show her the photograph of the painting from which the tableau is copied in which she is to figure, but in the general confusion it has been mis- laid. Count Tolstegg is bidden to in- struct his young wife. She is ready.

The count hurries to her side. A cry of delight and admiration escapes Dorothea's lips. She has never known him to look more handsome. He snatches her hand and draws her on to the stage with him. The others are in their places. Tolstegg leads her to the center of the stage and, bidding her to kneel down before him, he says, with muffled voice: "I am supposed to have stabbed your lover; you are to gaze with horror upon his bleeding form. Press one hand to your temple—so— clenching the other, as I grasp your wrist. You are trembling, dear. Have I hurt you? Forgive me; but for a moment the part which I am playing seemed so natural, as if I were in real- ity the avenger of my honor."

"Otho—speak—would you have done as he did?" asks Dorothea under her breath.

"Oh! my life, my all—I don't know whom I would have killed in such a case. Perhaps myself!" whispers Count Tolstegg, with suppressed emotion, as his eyes rest lovingly upon the prostrate form of his young wife.

"Otho!"

"Attention!" cries the stage manager. The signal is given. The curtain rises.

An hour later Count Tolstegg's car- riage is on its way to the station. Leaning back in the cushions, with his arm around her waist, and her head resting on his breast, sits Dorothea.

She has confessed to her husband. The proud, austere man draws her gently to him. "Then Master Angeli has helped me to be the savior of my honor—"

"And of my happiness," tenderly whispers Dorothea.

"I AM SUPPOSED TO HAVE STABBED YOUR LOVER."

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"I AM SUPPOSED TO HAVE STABBED YOUR LOVER."

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